

The Historie

Prin. Come hither, Frances. *Fran.* My Lord.
Prin. How long hast thou to serue, Frances?
Fran. Forfooth, fūe yeeres, and as much as to.
Poi. Frances.
Fran. Anon, anon sir.
Prin. Fūe yeeere, berlady a long lease for the clinking of pew-
 ter; bit Frances, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward
 with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run
 from it?
Fran. O Lord sir, ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in Eng-
 land, I could find in my heart.
Poin. Frances. *Fran.* Anon sir.
Prin. How old art thou, Frances?
Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be.
Poin. Frances.
Fran. Anon sir, pray you stay a little my Lord.
Prin. Nay but harke you Frances, for the sugar thou gauest
 me, it was a peniworth, was't not?
Fran. O Lord, I would it had bin two.
Prin. I will giue thee for it, a thousand pound, aske me when
 thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.
Poin. Frances. *Fran.* Anon, anon.
Prin. Anon Frances, no Frances, but to morrow Frances: or
 Frances a Thursday; or indeed Frances when thou wilt. But
 Frances.
Fran. My Lord.
Prin. Wilt thou rob this leatherne Ierkin, cristall button,
 not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, Caddice garter, smooth
 tongue, spanish pouch?
Fran. O Lord sir, who doe you meane?
Prin. Why, then your browne battard is your onely drinke
 for looke you Frances, your white canuas doublet will sulley.
 In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.
Fran. What sir? *Poin.* Frances.
Prin. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call.
*Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing
 which way to goe.* *Enter Vintner.*
Vint. What, standst thou stil, and hearst such a calling? looke

of Henry the fourth.

to the gheists within. My Lord, old sir Iohn with halfe a douzen
 more are at the doore, shall I let them in?
Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore: *Poinces.*
Poi. Anon, anon sir. *Enter Poinces.*
Prince. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the theeues are at the
 doore, shall we be merry?
Poi. As merry as Crickets, my lad, but harke ye, what cunning
 match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? come, what's
 the issue?
Prin. I am now of all humours, that haue shewed themselves
 humours since the old dayes of goodman Adam, to the pupill
 age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke,
 Frances?
Fran. Anon, anon sir.
Prin. That euer this fellowe should haue fewer words then
 a Parrat, & yet the sonne of a woman. His industrie is yp staires
 and downe staires, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am
 nor yet of Percies minde, the Hotspur of the North, he that kils
 me some sixe or seuen douzen of Scots at a breakefast, washes
 his handes, and sayes to his wife, Fic vpon this quiet life, I want
 worke. O my sweet Harry saies she! how many hast thou kild
 to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and aun-
 siuers some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee
 call in Falstaffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde brawne shall
 play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rino* saies the drunkard: call in
 Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poi. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou bene?
Fals. A plague of al cowards I say, and a vengeance too, mar-
 ry and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke boy. Ere I lead this life
 long, ile sow neather stocks, and mend them, & foote them too.
 A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there
 no vertue extant?
he drinketh.
Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pitiful
 harted Titan that melted at the sweet tale of the sonnes? if thou
 didst, then behold that compound.

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Fals.